

Elizabeth has been listening in the shadow of the doorway holding a cup. She rushes in to take the letter from Dr. Bigelow.

ELIZABETH

How splendid indeed.

BIGELOW

Miss Hunt...

ELIZABETH

I've brought you an extra cup for tea. How fascinating! Are you going to help him? The man who was injured. The man with the hole in his head.

BIGELOW

I don't know that he needs my help. If he can prove his merit, however, I will study his case.

ELIZABETH

Excellent! Would you allow me to attend your examinations? Purely as an observer. I don't take up much space and I wouldn't presume to get in your way.

BIGELOW

Be that as it may a doctor's exam room is no place for a woman of gentle breeding.

ELIZABETH

Dr. Adams, I am not at Harvard for the breeding. I am here to learn medicine. Dr. Bigelow, please, I would very much like to learn from your extensive knowledge. How can I hope to become a great surgeon such as you without studying your methods?

BIGELOW

As flattering as that is, Quincey is quite right, my dear. I'll not have a woman underfoot, interfering with my work. Please run along and only return when you are called for.

ELIZABETH

Dr. Bigelow...

BIGELOW

RUN ALONG!

ELIZABETH

(fuming) As you wish!

Elizabeth begins to storm out but
recomposes herself.

Gentlemen, when our civilization is further advanced, these dismissals shall be recalled. Be assured that wondering eyes will stare at the semi-barbarism that is the patriarchy of our nineteenth century. Your teacup, sir. Good evening.